#### ISLAM.

HISTORY OF THE CALIPHATE.

THE PROGRESS OF ISLAM FROM CONQUEST TO CORRUPTION. THE CALPHATE: ITS RISE, DECLINE AND FALL. From Original Sources, By Sir William Mult. K. C. T. L. LL. D., D. C. L., Ph. D. (Bologna). 8vo. pp. XV-608. The Religious Tract. Society, London. Fleming H. Reveil Company, New-York.

Sir William Muir's "Life of Mahomet" is fitly followed by a history of the Caliphate. Based upon Arabian annuls and histories, this is the first book upon the subject in English taken from origional sources; and no more competent Oriental scholar than the author could have been chosen for the work. In his preface Sir William points out "that the materials out of which our story is woven differ entirely from those for the biography of Mahomet. For that, every incident of his life, and every phase of his character, is illustrated by toyriads of traditions of all degrees of credibilityauthoritative, uncertain, or fabulous-each tradition separate and independent, generally short and complete in itself. At his death the curtain drops at once upon the lifelike scene. Tradition collapses, and the little that remains is curt and meagre. Of the chief 'Companions,' indeed, from their connections with the Prophet, we have sufficient notice, and special prominence is given to the lives of the first four Caliphs. But tradition, instead of being, as before, a congeries of separate statements, now assumes the form of connected narrative, and eventually the style of ordinary annals; and though there is now and then an exception, as in the minute and profuse description of such battles as Cadesia, the Camel, and Tiffin, the story as a rule

becomes bald and jejune. On the death-of the Prophet, Islam was thrown into imminent peril. He had named no successor. On his death-bed he had indeed directed that Abu Bekr should lead in prayer; but it by no means followed that he was to take the place of Mahomet. The men of Medina were in confusion. Candidates began to appear in several directions. There were already parties in Medina, and cutside the sacred city tribal jealousies prevented any firm cohesion throughout Arabia. No sooner had the news of the Prophet's death been spread abroad than disaffection began to show itself in many of fell, after some negotiation and hesitation, upon the pious determination to follow the Prophet's had ordered an expedition to the Syrian border, to avenge the Moslem disaster of three years before on the field of Muta. Though the present prospect was stormy; though every day was bringing fresh disturbing news of outbreakings of disloyalty and resolves to cast off the yoke of Islam; though the departure of the army for Syria would leave Medina defenceless and almost certainly invite attack upon the city, Abu Bekr determined that the dead Prophet's wishes should be obeyed. and promptly dispatched the troops despite the remonstrances and strong opposition of Omar and

Osama, in command of the Moslem forces, was

victorious, and after an absence of two months the army returned laden with spoil. Meantime Medina had in truth been threatened, but the bold front taken by Abu Bekr in sending off the army struck the Bodouin mind forcibly. It appeared to the Arabs that the new Caliph must be confident of the stability of his rule, and that the leaders at Medina must have felt their own strength sufficient to protect the city without the army. Let the situation was critical. On all sides the Araba were rising in rebellion. Apostacy was rice. Christians and Jews were beginning to hold up their heads. More and more widely tribute was refused. False Prophets came to the front, and in some districts the followers of these impostors massaged the to protect the city without the army. Yet the the followers of these impostors massacred the Faithful. But Abu Bekr did not quail or lose his head. Calling in the few faithful tribes in the vicinity, posting pickets, organizing the citizens, wicked than the other Caliphs of his line, and benuthal, the prepared to hold Medina until Osama returned this indicates what the rest were. Things went the prepared to hold median until Osama returned this indicates what the rest were. would be make to the rebels, moreover. A deputation offered to hold by Islam and its ritual if where were disaffected. The Arch restlessness of the populations of Baghdad, Khufa and Bussorah Our late was, and no change and conditions of Baghdad, Khufa and Bussorah Our late was, and no change and conditions. jected the proposal with indignation. "If ye with tether of a tithed camel," said he sharply, "I will fight with you for the same." Shortly after some experimental raids on Medina they called more on the mid of foreigners. One This is a noble poem throughout, and it strikes a were attempted, but Abu Bekr beat them off, and rash ruler begged the help of the drended Mon. I high key, which is maintained to the end. to come in again. in the resolve to give place, not for one moment, to the apostates; giving answer to them but in three words-Submission, Exile, or the Sword " threes of birth.

At the close of the first year after Mahomet's death, Islam was consolidated as it had never been petuation of the sad history of Hasein and Hasan before. Abu Bekr's "thorough" policy broke down and the massacre of Kubala, Every year the all opposition and trampled out all rebellion, representation of this tragedy moves millions of The disaffected tribes were made to realize that pious Moslems to passions of rage and pity, and choice must indeed be made between sub- time does not appear to diminish its influence in mission, exile, or the sword. No mercy was shown the stubborn and the schis- as evidence of the peculiar intellectual stagnation matic. Expeditions were sent against the which is the chief characteristic of Islam. Upon apostate tribe throughout Arabia. Khalid and this subject, Sir William Mufr makes at the class Osama won victory after victory, and some under of his history, some interesting observations. He desperate conditions; and at the period mentioned says: "The Islam of to-day is substantially the the last embers of the rebellion were extinguished. Islam we have seen throughout this history, The imminent danger of collapse which followed swathed in the bands of the Coran, the Mosley the death of Mahomet well escaped, the policy of the Caliphate was directed to the building up of Islam. The time had not yet come for the evolution of the idea of world-empire for the faith, but the vigorous treatment of neighboring proper sense of the word, is unknown; and this peoples inevitably led to ruptures, and as the standard of Islam was advanced, and the wild desert tribes perceived new and great opportunities for plunder, they poured forth their columns in myriads. This was the age of Arab simplicity and hardihood. The Moslems were as a rule more chun a maten in the field for the best troops of the neighboring countries. Persia had passed her full strength. Luxury had sapped the manhood of her princess and nobles. When, therefore, the new faith and the old one came into collision, the sons of Iran succumbed, and the Faithful came into possession of undreamed-of wealth.

When the Fifth-the tithe of all spoil-was sent to Medina from the battlefields of Persia, the simple Arabs were amazed at its extent and value, and the constant requisitions of the Moslem conmanders for more troops were eagerly and promptly met. But the inevitable consequences of sudden enrichment followed. Luxury entered with wealth, and with luxury came a growing effeminacy. The Arabs who had done service in Persia learned to prefer the comforts and pleasures of the conquered country to the sterility and asceticism of Arabia. They founded cities which were hotbeds of turbulence and disaffection as time went on, and which continued to be so to the end of the Caliphate. The first four Caliphs maintained the traditions of Mahomet; they lived the spread of empire and the constant aggrandizement of power came an era of demoralization. So vigorous was the original Moslem stock, and so abundant, that for centuries it continued to supply the means of extending and establishing their conquests. Spain fell under their rule Africa acknowledged them; they carried their victorious arms far beyond the Pyrenees, and, but for the thrice-fortunate interposition of Charles Martel at the battle of Tours, would almost certainly have brought France and probably all Europe into subjection, and so changed the

But in spite of its immense successes, the tenden cies of Islam were and continued downward. The Omeyyed dynasty, in the opinion of Sir William Muir (and as the reader can hardly fail to conclude from this history), represents the palmiest days of Islam. "With all its adventitious colorive, the Abasside reign pales before the glory of

the foundations of Islam in the East and in the for the acted play and the other for the closet play; The rule of many of the Omeyyed Caliphs, indeed, was stained with cruelty, treachery, or play is of course more restricted than dramatic critiprofligacy; but when the chronicles of the Abussides are opened, the reader finds himself plunged into a record of crime and infamy so horrible and unceasing, that at list it becomes positively monotonous in its hideous iniquity. The Abassides an impression of great power or originality. did little either to extend or consolidate Islam. They were for the most part occupied in selfish indulgence, or in meeting the intrigues perpetually set on foot against them. During their dynasty the disorganization of Islam proceeded steadily. There was at last scarcely a city in the Caliphate which had not revolted or declared and established its independence. Spain was lost; Syria was lost: Egypt was lost. This breaking-up of the empire was accompanied, and largely caused by a momentous change in the character of the governing classes and their instruments. Under the Abassides, the Arabs were more and more thrust into the background, and the governing influence was transferred to Turkmen, who had been imported in ever increasing numbers. These Turkmen were savage barbarians, herce and predatory. They were mercenaries such as Imperial Rome employed to her own destruction. and their culminating development took form in the Janisaries and Mamelukes. They gradually displaced the Arabs, to the lasting damage of

The Abasside dynastic history is a chronicle of appalling crime and cruelty. So prevalent was assassination that few Caliphs survived more than a year or two at the last, while not a few fell beneath the assassin's dagger two or three months after ascending the throne. Their own danger, however, never taught them the prudence of mercy. They struck right and left, murdering. mutilating, imprisoning, not only their open ene mies, but such of their own families and kins folk as might under any circumstances cherish an ambition liable to imperil the reigning sovereign. When the Omeyyed dynasty came to an end-as usual through assassination-the first step of the first Abasside Caliph was to destroy the Omeyyeds root and branch. Sir William Muir is compelled repeatedly to caution his readers against implicit acceptance of Arabian statistics, and this the tribes. The choice of a Caliph lay between figures used in describing the innumerable bat-three men-Abu Bekr, Omar and Abu Obeida. It the and menaces of the Caliphate would if summed up, account for much more than the enthe first of the three. Abu Bekr entered office with | tire population of the world at that period. The one redeeming feature of the Abasside dynastry will in all things. Just before he fell sick Mahomet | consists in the fact that it developed literary culture and some forms of art. But it is quite clear that manners were not softened nor morals im- to represent progressive stages of feeling, and, in acproved by this, for never in the history of the globe has regard for human life, for the obliga- four parts, each with its corresponding motto pretions of honor, for truth and fidelity, been nearer fixed. selves bound by no pledges or guarantees. Their attitude, not only toward enemies, but toward those of their own faith and race, was very much fragment at the end of the volume, as I found it by his think of them. He cannot therefore abide the ven like that of the Holy Office toward hereties in bedside, with the ink hardly dry on the paper." The

stances these wise and faithful servants were ern sentiment which finds all barren from Dan to erals and statesmen and in the majority of intraitorous and ingrate masters. The moment a idea, however, Haroun's villanies are far lie too monstrous to be overlooked or con-doned. Yet he was really far less her pleas soon dies. the army. Not a jot or a tittle of concession the army. Not a jot or a tittle of concession the army. Not a jot or a tittle of concession the army. Not a jot or a tittle of concession the army beautiful the sindicates what the rest were. Things went the stock of the concession the stock of the concession the stock of the concession that the rest were plundered and oppressed, and every the concession that the rest were plundered and oppressed, and every the concession that the rest were plundered and oppressed, and every the concession that the rest were. Things went the came again; the concession the concession the concession that the rest were. Things went the came again; the concession the concession the concession that the rest were again. perpetually showed itself in outbreaks and in the Such is the consolatory view taken by the here inflicted a sharp blow in retaliation. Then tithes gols, who, in due time, came, and destroyed the The second part opens with a chapge. The memory Caliph who had called on them. The Turks : old Caliph was having its effect. As the tradition, quired an increasing ascendency. All sorts of cited by Sir William, has it: "On the death of barbarians with fierce hordes behind them assumed Mahomet it wanted but little, and the Faithful power and office. Some of these called themselves had perished utterly. But the Lord strengthened Sultans, and to these the moribund Caliphate fell the heart of Abu Bekr, and established us thereby into subjection. At last the empire which had once extended over half the world was so shrunk that it was bounded by the walls of Damaseus. Of the many schisms which have convulsed

But for the simple faith and high courage of the Islam from the beginning, there is seant space been the quarrel between the Sunnies and the and spiritually. All know the kind of woman: Shie as, with which is closely connected that perany way. This fact, however, may be regarded faith, unlike the Christiau, is powerless to adapt itself to varying time and place, keep pace with the march of humanity, direct and purify the social life, or elevate mankind. Freedom, in the apparently because, in the body politic, the spiritual and the secular are hopelessly con founded. Hence we fail of finding the germ of popular government or approach to free and liberal institutions. The nearest thing was the brother hood of Islam, but that, as a controlling power, was confined to the Arab race, and with it dominancy it disappeared. . . Nor has there been any change in the conditions of social life. Polygamy and servile concubinage are still as ever the curse and blight of Islam. By these may the unity of the household at any time be broken; the purity and virtue weakened of the family tie; the vigor of the upper classes sapped; and the throne itself liable to doubtful or contested succession.

The systematic abuse and degradation of woman hood has indeed had much to do with the vicissitudes thrugh which Islam has passed to its present condition of hopeless crystallization. This, however, is so wide a subject as to deserve separate and careful treatment. It is not dealt with ade quately altogether in this history, though the author recognizes its importance. In concluding our notice of Sir William Muir's admirable and scholarly work, recognition must be given to the vigor, terseness and lucidity with which he has treated a complex and difficult subject; and to the picturesque and graphic manner in which he has imparted interest to records of which, lacking this simply, and ruled justly in the main. But with skill and judgment, a large proportion would perhaps appear only revolting.

"THE FORESTERS"

THE LITERARY POINT OF VIEW.

THE FORESTERS, ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Lau-rente. 16mo, pp. 155. Macmillan & Co.

The impression made upon the reader of a printed play is necessarily very different from that produced by the sight and hearing of an acted play. The hest of dramas may be spoiled in reproduction by had actors. The poorest of dramus may be made to appear almost good by excellent acting. Nor is this all. Every playwright who understands his business con-siders with care at every line the effect his words will have when spoken, and he is aware that many peculiar turns of language and expression which look awkward, curt or even extravagant in a book may produce good effects on the stage. It follows that the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night."

and that they need not coincide, though both may be just. Criticism from the point of view of a closet cism, for it is practically confined to the literary aspect of the production examined. Now Lord Tenny son's "Foresters," whatever may be said of it from the dramatic point of view, does not in print create

Marian's song. "Love flew in at the window," is pretty and quaint, but both subject and treatment are trite, and the verses do not attach themselves to the memory. Lord Tennyson has written beautiful songs, which all the English-speaking world has known that it should have been left unfinished. But by heart these many years; but be has not put any such music into "The Foresters." Take for example the drinking song, "Long live Richard." Could anything be thinner, barer of melody and thought? It is little more than a refrain, in fact. Perhaps the best verses in the play are to be found in the song of Little John, "To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done," yet there is a modern flavor about it which jars with the surroundings. And then there is the fairy chanting at the end of the second act. Here the mparison is perforce with shakespeare, and there can be but one conclusion. The laureate's fairies lack every attribute which lends enchantment to A Midsummer Night's Dream." Fancy an orthodox fairy addressing the haughty spouse of Oberon as "Tit". Fancy also the resentful Queen asking whether the offending sprite would call Oberon "Ob"! This seems to be Lord Tennyson's present notion of fairy n times gohe by. It might perhaps be objected that Titania's final command to her followers, "Up with at last found out, and being given three days to make you, all of you, of with you, out of it, over the woods and away!" bears the marks of an impatience which

might easily deteriorate to objurgation. Lord Tennyson could not write otherwise than clearly and in excellent English so far as his composition is concerned. But regarded from the purely literary point of view the only conclusion to be reached such a criminal must, by the hypothesis, be a weak is that "The Forester," is the provided downstance. duction which the laurente has brought out. It does not follow that it must be a failure on the stage. criteria, as before observed, are quite different for act-ing and for closet plays; and it is the closet aspect of this one which alone has been considered here.

## " MARAII."

LORD LATITON'S LAST POEMS.

MARAH. By Owen Meredith. 12mo, pp. 202. Long-

falled to satisfy the poet, and he had made up his mind to omit it. The last days of his life were spant the Middle Ages. They lied and cogged and motive of the collection of short poems brought to cheated like common criminals and swindlers. book is a postical illustration of that by no means modhvingi

general had won important victories he became resent the early experiences in love of a young and in dangerous, and must be removed. We encounter disciplined man; or rather of a man no longer young, in these pages an old friend—the Caliph Haroun but auskilled in the heart of women. Indeed, there is al Raschid; but even he has lost much of his some apparent paradox here, for while the opening glamour. His reign was indeed brilliant, but he Poems seem to breathe the strong passion and en

The light-heartedness which characterizes the ent ing thes death. The poem "Death" is exceedingly

I gave her adoration, the single, And triante of life's best; the dreams of youth, The deads of manhaod, and the stores of age.

She thak my gift, and turned them into pain, Each gift she made a litter gift to be. Then, marrid, the pave them back to me again, And this is all she ever gave to me.

The period of distillation has arrived. There had been omens, but the impatient worer disregarded first Caliph, Islam might have perished in the to speak here. The greatest of these has always them, The new love is beneath him intellectually

Two Muses Marah's dower supply, and each a gift bestows; For all her looks are Postry, And all her feelings Prose,

The love-tragedy proceeds as it always does when one side there to blind faith and a glamour that ed and selfishness. Its progress to the entastrophe s finely indicated in the poem "Dreams," and further illustrated in the strangely presionate verses entitled. By the Gates of Hell." Yet the man, though disli-

I deem'd you truest of the true, And loved you. Now I see That you were true herous thro' and thro', And love you still, woe's me!

In the third part the scene darkens and draws in

If thou art still a griefless girl or boy, In love with life, and innorant of lovo's grave, Read not herein! For thee no gift have! And be thou thankful that no gift I have! but if time's wayworn traveller thou art, if air pigrim! The for thee this book was writ. The same and pigrimage, shot far apart, We two have made, and know the pain of it.

So is the keynote struck. The buffled pursuer of to cynicism, though his heart is still too tender and too sore to repress the bursts of ngony which bro from him. But he is slowly hardening and resent-ing his sufferings, and he seeks relief from his pain in satirizing the modern woman, as in "Ghosts, and "Lydin and Horace (modern)." Yet he recog nizes at times the morbid state in which he exists

Restless, unthankful, in a heaven all shining With lights screen my fever'd spirit doth dwell; And wid thro' Paradise it wanders, pining For the hot feasts of fiell.

The cynic appears again in "Lies," wherein mutual deception between man and woman is defended as being at least more comfortable than the trath. sentiment of this poem is "carpe diem":

Life's end may be to night. The hour that hies is, while it lests, dife's all. so, if I swenr I love you, ask not what the cath implies. But swenr you love me also. We should fare No better for the doubts that oath defica. How sad were life, if bilter fruth went bare, And what were love itself without such lies?

At the end of this part there is a poem of much power called "Travelling Acquaintances," which re-calls the latter portion of the second part of Goethe's 'Taust." The traveller meets Love and Joy, but neither will stay with him, and in the gloaming a third traveller encounters, seizes, and embraces him

Of my hand, I groun'd writhing, 'let go!' For I neither could loosen nor bear The cold pressure of his. But, 'Ah, no!' The gray traveller said, 'I am care.' Love and Joy have gone from thee, I know. The fourth part conducts the study of Life in Love to a conclusion. It is ushered in by these glooms

verses:

I have search'd the universe, beneath, above, And everywhere with this importunate lyre Have wander'd desperately seeking Love, But everywhere have only found Desire.

I have probed the spheres above, the spheres beneath, Their dim alreams have echo'd to my shout Invoking Truth. But time, space, life, and death And joy, and sorrow, only answer'd "Doubt." Here we have reached the goal of Pessimism. poems in this concluding part have ceased to present any strain of love, despatring or hopeful. The view is wider, the canvas larger, and the scenery wilder stormier and more fandastic. There are conceptions here which remind one strongly of James Thomson

the Omeyyad, which, by its conquests, laid broad there must be two kinds of dramatic criticism; one vastness and the mental impressiveness of the illimitable ocean are skilfully and effectively employed by Lord Lytton. The verse, as in "Saturnalia," "Storm."
"Moonland," "Salenites," "Somnium Belluinum," affects dream images and visions as lawless as those which De Quincey describes so eloquently in his "Opium Enter." The wealth of imagination, the opulence of the poet's vocabulary, and the art with which he vivides his own weird impressions, affect the reader almost equally. In the epilogue a somewhat more hopeful, or hopefully suggestive, strain appears; and the fragment which the editor has inserted at the end is so melodious, tender, and felicitous in imagery as to enhance the natural regret "Marah" is a volume of true and often noble poetry. and must add to the well-carned fame of the author of "Lucile."

#### MR. HOWELLS'S NEW NOVEL.

THE STORY OF A DEFAULTER.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. By W. D. Howells. 12mo, pp. 474. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Howells has this time chosen a subject for illustration which affords plenty of ground for serious thinking. He has written a story of defalcation; the too familiar story of the treasurer of a rich corporation who first who, himself rich, is greedy for more money; uses the funds at his disposal, for personal ends; pays He was more fastidious and discriminating them back; uses them again and cannot pay them back; falsifies the books and so gains time to steal more; is restitution, finds himself called upon to choose between suicide, surrender, or flight to Canada. It cannot b said that there is anything new in the facts of the defalcation; but these defalcations are monotonously alike. The man who becomes a thief in this way selman, his first effort is to gloss the character of his actions to himself. He is only borrowing rather in regularly, he tries to think; and he holds to an intention to restore the embezzled funds which by a hocus-pocus method of word-juggling common to such characters, assumes in his mind the aspect of redeeming honesty. When the dream of restoration has been dissipated, as it always is, the thief does not any the more face the truth or admit that he is what he is. In falsifying the books he persuades himself that he is only giving himself further chance of retrieval, and so he goes on till the catastrophe occurs.

Now it is evident that a study of such a criminal's mind must be full of interest, and Mr. Howells has made a masterly analysis. Northwick has passed The title of Lord Lytton's posthumous volume of poems indicates the dominant tone of them. In the Board of Director, of the Ponkwasset Mills, he has preface Lady Lytton states that "while each of the been confronted with overwhelming evidence of his porms is complete in itself, they are so arranged as to | guilt; and he has been called a thief in plain terms form a connected whole, and are meant to be read con- by the president, Ehen Hilbry, who, however, is the man to whom he owes his three days of grace. As he sits in his room in his costly villa at Hathoro that cordance with this design, he divided the book into hight we are privileged to look into his mind, to follow his train of thought, and to understand the motives which determine his decision. Self-respect, grotesqu as the term seems in such a connection, has alway been a dominant note in his character. He has two daughters, whom he loves in his way, and he must grance of the law; neither can be make restitution But he happens to have in the house a large sum of the stolen money-some \$43,000-and he can fly. rally he will take the wisest course. For in Canada, with this money, he can enter upon new business coterpdises, and so make other and more money, where tion in a wrecked Pullman car. He hurries forward and buries himself in Canadian wilds, and the report does not reach him for many months.

> be dealt with, and this constitutes a distinct part of the tory, and is told with all the author's accustomed skill man the defaulter had been, is neatly sounded to n et which may engined the progress of demoralizing Twenty-four hours' absence is enough, without a particle of evidence, to set afoot the rumor good clothes and talks charmingly. that Northwick is a defaulter and a fugitive. The majority of the people, moreover, are in no way sur-prived and not much shocked by the report. They seem to regard defalcation and flight as the natural-almost as the kevitable-end of such a career; and this whispered concerning Northwick before. When the exposure comes there is a great remarken, and this linnes for a short time. Then the whole affair is mirkly forgotten, and it looks as though, ofter the pea of a year or two, nobody would object to the defaulter's return and the resumption of his life under the old and dition a. As for the daughters of Northwick they escape the worst of their position by resolutely refusing to believe the clurges against their father. and this attitude they retain until the fugitive writes

Mr. Howells has introffed his fundness for sketches of certain kinds of newspaper mea by giving here two portraits of reporters; one of them "smart," unscrupdons, wholly without delicacy, a rathirs interviewer and worker up of sensations and scandals; the other a nean of higher qualities, forced by poverty to become a reporter, but not fitted for the calling by any of his friend's beass and collousness. Finney, the first of these two, is amusing but not attractive. Mr. Howells treats him tenderly enough, and extenuates his profes sional qualities by enlarging upon his love for his young wife. It cannot be said that this is a nove without a plot. There is plenty of plot in it; but Mr Howells has apparently undertaken to emphasize a sort of fatall-tic doctrine by causing the intentions of all his characters to be buffled by external circumstances He goes on the principle that it is always the unex pected that happens. This is strongly brought out in the closing conversation between Dr. Morell and Law-

Well" (it is Putnam who speake), he went on, breaking from this grievance, "there's this sulf-faclast that he intended to do; and of course the he in question is a she, she that was. Miss Suzette is the only person connected with the whole affair that's way. Everytody else's way has come to othing, beginning with my own."

He goes on to show how everybody has been thwarted, but this exhibit we will not cite lest the interest of the reader in the story should be prematurely gradified. He concludes thus: "But what do you say, Doc., to a world where we fellows hee funding and fizzing away, with our little aims und purposes, and the great bull of life seems to roll calmly along and get where it's going without the Hightest reference to what we do or don't do? I suppo of eternal punishment more, and keep my private opinion that it's all Fate." Why not call it Law!" the Doctor suggested. "Well, I don't like to be too Loid. But taking it by and large, and seeing that most things seem to turn out pretty well in the end, I'll split the difference with you and call it Mercy." These are the last words in the book. Whether

Howells's renders will agree with Futnam and "call it Mercy" is question only to be answered by actual experiment. of circumstances in the however, hardly suggests "The Quality of Mercy; or at the most a Mercy belated; a Mercy employe in mitigation of suffering, which, had it been applied earlier, need not have been borne bt all. North wich's end, too, seems distinctly better than he de served; and that of his daughter Adeline quite the reverse. It is the guilty who escapes; it is the innocent who is crushed. That may be true to life, but it does not shine as an illustration of the quality lint these remarks are a criticism of the title rather than the book. The story is written with admirable skill and no less admirable force. s nothing vague and indetermined about it. The situations are strong, the dialogue keen and natural. In all respects the novel is entitled to be considered one of its author's best and most finished works

### RELUCS OF WASHINGTON.

As interesting sale of autograph letters and Wash ington relies will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week in Philadelphia. There are a large number of Washington letters to be sold, and in addition to these a considerable number of books from Washington's library. One of the most important books is a copy of Duhamel's "Husbandry," a practical treatise whereto are contained many useful and interesting experiments and observations, collected members of the Royal Academy of Science of Paris The second edition, corrected and improved up to 1762, has General Washington's autograph of that year on the title-page, together with numerous mar ginal notes in the handwriting of Washington or thirty-five different pages, consisting of from two to seventeen lines each. The book is interesting, as it portrays the great man in the character of the gentle fully read as any of his books. Another interesting book is his copy of Belknap's "Blography" printed at Boston, 1794. This book also has Washington's autograph on the title-page, and the letter written by Washington to Jerry Belknap, June 15, 1798, says: My best wishes attend the prosecution of your 'American Blography,' and not recollecting whether the request was made before, I may be considered as a

Among other relies of Washington in this collection may be mentioned his candle-snuffers and snuffertray, of old English manufacture, silver-plated on copper; an old English glass preserve dish, in use for
many years at Monnt Vernon, and six wine or jelly
glasses. General Washington was notoriously fond of tea.
One of his teacups, decorated in gold color, is also catalogued as for sale; and there are two other preserve saucors of Crown Derby, beautifully decorated in gold and
color, and two plates of blue Canton china, octagonal in
form. These two plates were used with the others by
General Washington during his Presidency, and afterward at Mount Vernon, and are part of the set, the balance of which were purchased from the Lewis family by
the United States Government. Probably the most intercesting of all the relies contained in the catalogue is a
white satin slipper of Martha Washington's, with long,
pointed toe and neat little heel, sald to have been worn
by her on her wedding day. The original brasscapped andirons and filagree brass fender, used in the
"New Room" at Mount Vernon, are also to be sold. may be mentioned his candle-snuffers and snuffer-

### LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Robinson, remembered as the "War Governor" of Kansas, has written a valuable book on "The Kansas Conflict"-the famous struggle of 1855-8. The Harpers are about to bring out the book.

Mr. Hamilton Alde's next book. "A Voyage of Discovery," is not a description of travels, but a novel illustrative of American society. Mr. Aide is supposed to have made exhaustive studies of the same during recent short journey through this country with Mr. Henry M. Stanley

"The Sisters," Swinburne's forthcoming tragedy of modern times, will make a crown octavo book of about

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's new book, which is to be published soon by the Scribners, is to bear the highly suggestive title of "The Old South." It is the South of the picturesque days before '61 which will be revealed in this collection of essays.

"It may be," says M. Zola, "that we-Flaubert, Dandet, Goncourt and myself-have been a little sectarian, a little dogmatic. After all it was but natural, for as leaders of a movement we were obliged to make our formula as definite and as precise as possible. . . We have perhaps been too absolute, too positive. We have studied the human being a too positive. We have studied the human being a little too much from the point of view of the senses; and there will be, I think, a new movement toward the

great Unknown-toward-mals je ne sals pas." Asked if he thought that this reaction was near at hand, M. Zola answered: "First of all you must remember that I am not yet dead, and the present naturalistic formula will find it hard to die without me. But hesides I see no sign of its dving at present. Every great movement in literature is the of a corresponding great social movement. Literature is an expression of the life of the nation, and the presses the national life of that epoch. Now our age in many ways; in the progress of positivism, in the development of democracy, and above all in the enormous strides made by science. Our realistic move ment represents all these things; thus we are the outcome of the temper of our age. This being developed further and further. And moreover among our young men there is no drong enough to become the leader of a new school. concerned.

How good a writer might M. Zola be if he had but a little imagination. He sees the mud on the banks of Seine, but not the flower that grows out of it.

The Spanish novelist, Emilia Pardo Bazan, is the object of enthusiastic admiration and affection in her native town of Coruna. It is said that when she visits the town (she now lives in Madrid) the whole nora Bazan is a short and dark woman, wears

Julian Hawthorne, who is not only a writer, but handle his muscles as well as his brains, has a clever paper on "Walking" in the April "Lippincott." declares that so far as his observation goes the mass of our population walk less than either the French, German or English. "In the country, every farmer's of using shank's mare, and ploughs are now made which carry the ploughman, instead of compelling him to follow. In cities people will, on the filmslest protext, jump on horse cars or clamber up to the eleveted trains, and sit or stand breathing foul air. when they might have been rejoicing in the freedom of heaven and earth." All of which the observation of other men will undoubtedly confirm.

Mr. Hawthorne does not agree with Thoreau that the welker ought to have no definite end or aim in view, for any specified measure of time. an idiot or a madman could walk on the Thoreas principle"; he adds; "certainly Thorean himself never practised what he preached. He was one of the most self-conscious of men; he always knew where he was going and why; and he wrote it all out after he got I defy any one with brains in his head and a will in his soul to blunder about without an object and call it walking. Walking means infinitely more than that. It is the physical manifestation of a spiritual principle-the principle of progress. It is the symbol of emotion directed and controlled by reason; it is a science first and then an art; and it is characteristically and thoroughly human."

volume which is about to appear in London. It is brothers; and relates among other things, how when the famous "Quarterly Review" attack on "Jone Eyre" appeared, one of her uncles armed himself with a blackthorn, dear to his Irish heart, and crossed the Channel, vowing to break it upon the writer. the writer was not to be found, and to this day it is a literary problem as to who wrote the too severe re-

Mr. Stevenson's (and Mr. Osbourne's) "Wrecker is to be brought out in book form at the end of June. The cloth edition will be ornamented with twelve full-page illustrations.

The late Edward A. Freeman was one of the fet Englishmen who could address a Greek audience in their own tongue. Mr. Gladstone is another. It is said, by the way, concerning Mr. Freeman' defective literary style that it was injured by the fact that most of his work was dictated as he paced up and down the room, and that he took little trouble in the way of subsequent correction.

Mr. Morris Phillips, Editor of "The New-York Home Journal," has published a book for tourists called "Ab. cad and At Home," which contains about 250 pages of practical blute. Mr. Phillips is an old traveller. He has fixed in Georgia, Florida and California, as well as in London and Parts. His book gives information about hotels, restaurants, seaside resorts, railway travel, the cab systems of Paris asd London, and many other kindred topics. The facts and particulars thus recorded are such as tourists are always glad to know, and Mr. Phillips has imparted this practical knowledge in a brisk and agreeable

Among many good things in the April "Scribner" is its "leader" on the social awakening in London. It is a careful and well-proportioned paper on the modern organized efforts to discover and to cure the worst miseries of povery and ignoranc in that great city. The article ends with the assertion that the long, slow struggle of the workingmen, rising into dramatic interest in its fitful outbursts, is destined to bring them to a position of Independence, and in so strong and pure a democracy as the County of London, ultimately, as they become worthy of power, into a position of control.

Here are some of Mr. Quiller-Couch's convictions oncerning the Novel and Realism: "The eyes of men men are not mathematical appliances for observing uniformly the data of life; nor are their minds accurate instruments for registering their observations and reasoning to within the tenth of an inch. Books about life are not written in the vacuum of an air-pump. Every man among us sees reality through the glass of his temperament, and it takes the color of that glass and reproduces its flaws and inequalities. What an artist does is to make his fellow-men for awhile look at life through his particular lens, whether telescopic or microscopic, red, green or that mixture of many colors which we call white."

Not much can be said for the poetry in the current mber of "Outing"; but for its vivid and vigorous papers on yachting, on the turf, on shooting, fishing and other out-of-door sports, and on animal life it deserves heartiest praise. To read its finely illustrated pages is almost as delightful as a day on salt water

# THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

BUSY WEEK IN THE GALLERIES-MR. WALTER CRANE-A QUERY CONCERNING THE WOLFE

COLLECTION-ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

With two important exhibitions to visit, besides three or four minor collections of works of art, New-York amateurs are not likely to be idle this week. The Spring Academy, like many of its predecessors, has a great deal of inferior stuff mixed with its good pictures, but on the whole it is a most encouraging display, con-tains a number of ambitious and well-executed paintings, and should not be overlooked by any one in-terested in American art. The exhibition at the American Art Galleries is one which can be as cordially recommended. The public des not often have the on portunity to see so fine a collection of Barye bronzer and water-colors as it contains, as good examples of Millet as the "Paysage d'Auvergne" and the "Killing the Hog," as representative works by such different painters as Rousseau and Raffaeili, Dupre and Michetti, Diaz and Meissonier, as have been brought together by this association. The list of small exhibitions will be increased on Wednesday by one at the Avery Gallery of eleven or twelve landscapes by Mr. J. Francis Murphy, who has never before sought an audience in this special way.

While the American Art Association is selling off its ossessions in order to arrive at a settlement with the heirs of the late R. Austin Robertson, the private collection of that gentleman is to be disposed of at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. It consists of porcelains, ivory carvings, lacquers, metal work, rugs and embroide and with these there are some similar objects of Oriental art from a Mr. Tadamas Hayashi, of Paris, There is very little in the assemblage of curios that calls for express comment. We have noted two or three fair pieces of porcelain, No. 30, "Celadon Vase"; No. 62, "Liver Color Vase"; No. 405, "Old Kloto Vase," and No. 400, "White Hirato Vase," as well as some nicely cut ivories, like No. 101, "Skull"; a series of Japanese books running from No. 131 to No. 139, and two large grotesques in bronze, No. 399. In the smaller of the two galleries there are some seventy or eighty pieces of modern furniture, a few of the chairs substantial and artistic and the rest of the articles frall and commonplace as modern furniture is apt to be. The sale of these collections will be begun at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 6, and the last session will be begun at the same hour on the following Friday. The exhibition the Dinsmore pictures will be opened Saturday, April 9.

The Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, at No. 238 Fifth-ave., are hung with seveniy-seven pictures, principally, to quote from the catalogue, of the Barbizon school, and the property of Senor Salvador de Mendonca, representative at Washington of the Brazilian Government. The emphasis placed upon the source of most of the pictures in the collection is illadvised. There is nothing in the collection which, if It emanated from the Barbizon school at all, has any qualities of which its author might have been proud, and the few works which are really worth a moment's consideration are by men whose sympathics are widely separated from those of Corot or Decamps. study, No. 74, "Dryade," is, for all its vulgarity, a strong bit of realism, and whose Eastern military cene. No. 50, "Episode of the War in Egypt." is dashing in color and style; Juan Gonzales, whose artificial interior, No. 47, "Convalescence d' un Prince," has a sparkling charm which is not altogether crushed by the artificiality; Ramon Madrazo, whose large decorative figure piece, No. 73, 'Morning Reflections," is at least very "pretty"; and two Italians, Vina and De Francheschi. Of the Fortuny, a reaction, in literature at least as far as the novel is little sketch attributed to the period of his studies for his big picture, "The Battle of Tetuan," we have strong doubts, as we have also of the two sleek sold at Chickering Hall next Wednesday evening.

> Why does not Mr. Walter Crane hasten to give New-York, as he has given Chicago and Boston, a view of the many designs he brought with him from England to galleries in this city, but nothing has come of their efforts as yet beyond some talk of an exhbition in the gallery of the Groller Club. This would be a pleasant place for Mr. Crane to choose, but it is small, and because of this reason alone it is still a matter of doubt as to whether it will be the scene of his professional introduction to New-York or not. Mr. Crane will ap-pear in the capacity of lecturer before the Architectural League of New-York at the regular monthly meeting of that organization to-morrow

> Another question that occurs to us concerns the Catherine Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When Miss Wolfe bequeathed it to the Museum in 1887 she bequeathed also a sum of \$200,000, of which the interest was to be applied to its well preserved, but has it been augmented? The gentlemen who administer the fund have of course geted with the best possible judgment, and we prefer our question in no critical spirit, but simply out of a sire to get at all the details of a matter which is naturally of public interest. At the lowest rate of in terest the Wolfe fund must have yielded in the last four years twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. A large proportion of this money has probably been and we wonder if it has been devoted or is to be devoted to the purchase of new works of art.

To still another question, one that Mr. P.

Horder touches upon in "The Magazine of Ari" for

April, whether architecture is a profession or an art. we do not believe our readers will have any in returning an answer or that they will disagree as to what that answer should be. There is nothing more foolish than the contention of some wiscacres that architecture is not, strictly speaking, an art unless it is the rendiness of some architects to deny full of anecdotes concerning Patrick Bronte and his the allegation. It would be just about as brilliant for a number of painters and sculptors to get to gether and gravely discuss their own standing, putting it to the vote as to whether they were artist or not. To be sure, under some circumstances, they might not deserve the affirmative notes they would give themselves, but that would be their fault. Because certain "painters" and "sculptors" go on blithefully working with the brush and the chisel is no sign that either painting or sculpture has ceased to be an art, and that Blank is an architect whose designs are conspleuous for their lack of architecture is no real reason why architecture should be set aside as a thing lacking in art. Mr. Horder & troubled because men with no artistic qualifications are designing houses. This is sad, every one will admit, and every one will greet with pleasure the announcement made by "The American Architect and Building News," to the effect that "the architects of the District of Columbia have prepared a bill, to be submitted to Congress, providing that after a certain the District of Columbia have prepared a bill, to be submitted to Congress, providing that after a certain date no person shall practise the profession of architecture in the District without being furnished with a diploma, which shall be issued without examination to all architects actually practising in the District at the time of the passage of the act, but shall be issued to obers only on condition that they shall pass a satisfactory examination before a Board of Examiners, consisting of three members, at least two of whom shall be Fellows of the American Institute of Architects." But there does not seem to us to be any occasion for the question, is architecture a profession or an art!

We have received a copy of the catalogue of Mr. Whistler's exhibition in London. As was contetured he bas made the little book as much of a thing of beauty as the art of printing would permit, and assuredly a joy forever as far as his own vivacity could make it. On the fivical appears the ominous legend: "The voice of the propellings of 1878: "I do not know when so much anuscinent has been afforded to the British public as by Mr. Whistler's pictures." Except, he might have added, when the British press undertook to break a butterfly upon a wheel and to judge Mr. Whistler's pictures by the standards of Publishan The old contemptuous dicta have lost nothing of their savor. There is still the same delicious fun, delicious because it is so unconscious, in Mr. Hamerton's unlinked in the properior of the same delicious fun delicious because it is so unconscious, in Mr. Hamerton's unlinked not on the "Symphony in White, No. 111"; there is still the same piquancy in the remarks of Mr. Wedmore and Mr. Tom Taylor.

Some months ago "The Portfolio" published an atchlore of the properior of the properior of the properior of the pipular pictures.

Some months ago "The Portfolio" published as etching of one of Rossetti's most important pictures, the "Beata Beatrix" and now in its March number it

the "Beata Beatrix" and now in its March number is given a lovely photographic reproduction of a study for the principal head in another work of the same value, the "Venns Astarte" or "Astarte Syrlaca" for which he wrote the sonnet beginning:

"Mystery: to! between the sun and Moon Astarte of the Syrians; Venus Queen

Ere Aphrodite was.

The drawing is at South Kensington and is one of the greatest treasures there, beautiful in workmanship and still more beautiful as a vision of ideality. "The Portfollo" is printing a series of essays on the Inns of Court by Mr. W. J. Lottie that makes interesting historical reading, but will be prized by the are student mainly for the pen sketches with which Mr. Railton illustrates it. The third instalment, in this number, has a remarkably reod full page sketch of one of the old houses within the limits of the Temple.

Professor Herkomer pervades the April "Art Amateur." There are inc similes of two water, by him, reproductions of a dozen or more of his pencil and crayon drawings, and an account of his life. We like the drawings better than the water-colors. They have much more decision and character. It is notice able that in connection with Professor Herkomer's able crayon drawings a paper on crayon portraiture by Frank Fowler has wisely been printed.